

WHAT EVERY WOMAN WANTS TO KNOW—NEW FASHIONS AND PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS

**OLD MEMORIES**  
By ELLEN ADAIR



On Brooding Over the Past

A certain tender radiance clings around old memories. We wonder why? For distance lends enchantment and the backward view is always glorified. Particularly as we grow older is this the case. "Those were the days!" we say with a sigh, "and these days can never come back any more."

Old memories bring a gentle melancholy in their train—a melancholy which is half pleasure as well as half pain. We sit down in a quiet mood and we brood over the past. The tender grace of a day that is dead is with us once more. It is a very real, very vivid. The scent of a flower, the faint perfume of an old valentine long since forgotten, a strain of music, the sobbing of violins, the sound of falling rain will bring old memories back to us once more.

They are very sweet, these old memories, although a certain sadness clings around them. For we look into the past through rose-colored glasses, and vague regrets come to us at the joys which never can return. We must not dwell in the past, for the present is with us and the future lies before us, vital, keen, alluring. Some beautiful lines of a by-gone writer carry a great truth with them:

My eyes are dim with childish tears  
For the same sound is in my ears  
Which in those days I heard.

Thus faces it all as age comes on,  
But yet the wistful mind is young,  
Mourning less for what it takes away  
Than what it leaves behind.

And so no vain regrets of a day that is dead must hamper our present or handicap our future. It is hard to break links with the past—but idle dwelling on old memories is profitless.

The girl who hoards old letters and re-reads them all at intervals is not acting wisely. There she sits in the firelight and her heart is beating a little quicker than usual as she goes over the contents of that unlocked box. For she is looking into a picture of all that has long since gone by.

She draws out an old letter, and there in the firelight she sees a steamer deck and a man bending over the taffrail in the moonlight as he bent when she said "no."

She remembers how she cried that night. Now her hands are touching the letters—but, although she liked him dreadfully, dreadfully much, she couldn't love him enough to accept him—and so he

married some one quite dull and unattractive!

Next comes a dance program, its glossy surface scratched by many pencilings. Jim took many dances that evening. Poor Jim, fighting at the front just now! She wonders if she will ever see him again?

And here comes a broken heart of silver. What memories it arouses! She wonders if dear old George has the other half still. She was only a schoolgirl then—but it was a very serious love affair, all the same. For a whole long year she cared for George.

Then comes the thing that hurts her most. And womanlike, she lingers longest over it. It is an old ring, battered and worn, and given her for a keepsake. She thinks now on looking back over the years that she must have loved the man who gave it to her—only she didn't quite realize that at the time. The ring was to be worn for ever. He said it was one day to be a wedding ring, and only returned as such. He said—but there, they often do, and end by marrying the other girl.

Here is great-hearted Claude's little bundle of mementos—poor Claude, who died out in Africa. He loved her to the very last. How was it that she couldn't fall in love with Claude? He was the finest of the lot and he died like a hero. She holds Claude's package for a very long time and her eyes are rather moist there in the firelight.

Shall she keep these old letters, with the memories they arouse? For soon she is to be married to some one she loves very much. And yet—and yet—she hates to sever the old links. There is a melancholy pleasure in brooding over the past.

But finally she decides. "The future lies in front and the future is his and mine," she says bravely. "These are relics that tell of a girl's heart and of many happy times when the hours were minutes, and the minutes too wonderful to be true in this world of sad realities! But I shall burn these relics, for brooding over the past can only sadden the present and hamper the future. 'He' would not like me to keep them."

So she burns the letters, and her heart feels happier.

Old memories are very sweet and we cannot always shut them out. But an idle brooding over past glories will only enervate the present, and the wise girl will remember that in time.

THE DAILY STORY

WAITING

"Clara Scott, you and I are chums, aren't we?" asked Miss Dorothy Lang.

"Yes, of course," was the reply.

"We have been chums for three years?"

"Yes."

"And we have never quarreled about anything?"

"No."

"You have said anything you wanted to me, and I have done the same by you?"

"Yes."

"And you won't get mad at what I am going to say now, will you?"

"No, though I hope it's nothing awful."

"It isn't so awful as that. It's just a little bit awful."

"Well, let me draw a long breath first. Now go ahead."

"Do you know what folks are saying?"

"Mercy, no!"

"They are saying that Stephen St. Clair is trifling with you."

"Dorothy Lang, you don't mean it!"

"I've heard it a dozen times."

"How do the gossips know that we are not engaged?"

"Miss Clara asked with some show of spirit and many blushes."

"Just as easy as pie. If you were you'd have told me at once, and I'd have solemnly promised to never, never tell, and then gone around telling it to everybody. No, you can't be engaged yet."

"But who says I want to be?"

"Why, what a question. Of course you want to. Every girl does. You and Stephen should have been engaged months ago."

"But who says we are in love?"

"They all think you love each other and they can't make out why the engagement isn't announced. In one way it's none of my affair, but being we are chums, and being I've always hoped you would get a good husband, and being Stephen is certainly a nice young man, and being—"

"But suppose he hasn't asked me to marry him?"

"Oh!"

"And suppose he does and I say no?"

"Oh! Oh!"

"I am going to do just as I please about it."

It was Miss Clara's fault that there was talk and that no engagement had yet been announced. Soon after she and young Mr. St. Clair had become acquainted the question of American girls marrying titles came up. Mr. St. Clair was aggressively against it, and more to be on the opposite side than for any other reason the girl had said:

"I don't blame them one little bit. It's only natural that a girl should want to marry a man that is looked up to by a large circle."

That was a blow for Mr. St. Clair. He was not a foreigner. He had no title. He was a cashier of a bank, and not 500 people knew him. As to how many "looked up to him" he had never figured, as it was his business to demand good security from all borrowers. As time went on he was in love, and he would have admitted it but for the girl's stand on the question of titles. She had a rich father and money in her own right, and was handsome besides, and most any day a money-hunter might drop over the water and seek her hand. She seemed to be keeping herself free for such an emergency.

It jolted a good man to propose marriage and he turned down Stephen St. Clair was a good man and he feared a jolt. Therefore, things dragged along and the gossips had something to wonder over.

When a man is mystified and irritated by the attitude of another man he can say:

"What in thunder do you mean by such conduct?"

What can a girl say? Nothing!

Less than a month after the conversation on the veranda which looked like a climax came. The Baron Schmidt came over from Germany in search of a wife. She must be handsome. She must be charming. She must have money. Her father must have heaps of the long green, so that when the Baron had frittered away her dowry the father's bank account could be depended upon.

How did the Baron find out about Miss Clara Scott, who didn't live within 50 miles of the port of New York, from which he first got a sniff of the air of freedom? Why, even the hotel boys of Gotham keep a list of the heiresses of the whole United States, and their charges are said to be very moderate.

Baron Schmidt was made acquainted with Miss Clara Scott.

He was a baron and a colonel and a personal friend of the Kaiser's. He owned several castles on the Rhine. He was the biggest frog in the pond at court and had seven medals for bravery. He had six decorations of honor.

He didn't make the mistake that some foreigners do of popping the question half an hour after he was introduced. Indeed, it was all of 40 minutes before he said that his life was lonely without a wife. It was 10 minutes later when he attempted to take and hold Miss Clara's hand. It was just 60 minutes later by all the town clocks and dollar watches that he sighed a long, quivering sigh and remarked that he had never loved before.

That evening Mr. St. Clair called. Miss Clara told him of the baron, and narrowly watched his face as she did so. He didn't



AN ATTRACTIVE LACE FROCK

give a start. He didn't scowl. He didn't work up a look of murder. On the contrary, he smiled and said:

"The baron doubtless comes for a wife. It is a golden opportunity for some American girl to wed a title."

Miss Clara could have boxed his ears for that, but hadn't she brought it on herself?

The baron came cheerily on the next afternoon. He hadn't the least doubt that he was solid. Why not? Hundreds of other American girls jump at titles. Why shouldn't Miss Scott? He bowed. He gave her hand a squeeze.

The two walked out in the grounds and sat down on a bench beside an artificial lake.

"I will speak to your father soon, eh?" queried the baron.

"What about?" was rather carelessly asked.

"That he may give you to me."

"Did you come over here wife-hunting?"

"Don't you understand that I am a baron?"

"Well?"

"I love you, and you will be my wife, eh?"

"Never!"

"What! You toy with my heart? You

make game of me?" "Sir, I am going back to the house!" said the girl.

"Not! Not! I must have your promise!"

"You can find your way to the gates alone!"

"I shall not go! I want to talk!"

But he went. Mr. St. Clair came strolling along the path, and he picked up the baron, and gave him a fling into the lake and stood and watched him wade ashore and take himself off. Then he turned to the girl and said:

"He's an impostor from head to heel. Clara, will you be my wife?"

"Because I was waiting for you to meet a man with a title?"

"I was a little idiot!" she replied.

(Copyright, 1915.)

**A SMART GIRL'S DIARY**



The Afternoon Party

Ellnor is still down at Palm Beach, and this morning I had a letter from her. "The weather is simply perfect, and I'd give anything if you were still here, Dorothy," she wrote. "We are all having a very good time, though things are not quite so lively as when you were here. Your admirers go around with a disconsolate, depressed look! I hear of one young man who is coming to see you in town! He insisted upon my giving him your address. I hope you don't mind? I really couldn't refuse—and anyhow he could easily have got it from the office here."

"Clothes still continue to be as smart as ever. My new lace frock has just come, and is all that could be desired. The foundation is Nile green charmeuse, and the lace overskirt comes just to the level of the knees."

"There is a wide girle of the charmeuse, and the bodice is in the form of a little coat. The sleeves come just below the elbow, and are rather wide, finishing with a set of little frills."

"The collar is high at the back, but cut V-shaped in the front, and I wear a narrow black velvet ribbon which gives quite a French touch to the whole."

Ellnor expects to return to town quite soon. I am looking forward to having her back again.

This afternoon I went to a dreadful reception with mamma. All the people were quite old, and the conversation was most uninteresting. I tried to introduce various topics, which were all severely squashed. The one subject which seemed popular was "marriage." The mothers of marriageable daughters talked about this till I was bored stiff. Nobody listened to what anybody else said, and all talked at the same time and at the top of their

voices. It seemed a sort of competition as to who could speak loudest.

In the midst of it Mrs. Van Rosen came in. She is quite a young girl and delightfully pretty, with wonderful Titian coloring. Her hair is a rich auburn and her eyes match it exactly, while her complexion is very delicate.

Her suit was of tete-negre taffeta, that smart shade of brown which is so popular just now. We had a very nice time after her arrival, as she is always so amusing and will listen up any assembly, however dull and unpromising it be.

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PRIZE SUGGESTIONS

PRIZES OFFERED DAILY  
For the following suggestions sent in by readers of the Evening Ledger prices of \$1 and 50 cents are awarded.  
All suggestions should be addressed to Ellen Adair, Editor of Women's Page, Evening Ledger, Independence Square, Philadelphia.

A prize of \$1 has been awarded to Mary A. Thompson, 213 Cedar Avenue, Conestoga, Pa., for the following suggestion:  
When furnishing my young daughter's room in pink and pale gray I wished to have the pictures as dainty as possible. I had a collection of water colors and photographs and enough odds and ends of glass to cover them, but I did not wish to resort to passe-partout and I could not afford the frames I wanted. In the upholstery department I found an English chintz in a beautiful, rosebud pattern. I cut two inch strips, hemmed both edges on the machine and allowed twice the circumference for each piece of glass. Then I joined the ends, ran narrow elastic through the hem and slipped the band over the picture and glass. The shirred frames were lovely against the gray walls and have been the most admired objects in the room.

A prize of 50 cents has been awarded to Mrs. A. S. H., 1123 South Witten Avenue, Philadelphia, for the following suggestion:  
I find a very quick and satisfactory way to bake one or two potatoes is to put them the top of the coal range under the lid back of the fire box. A medium-sized potato will bake in 1/4 of an hour without forcing the fire, and it also saves heating a gas oven for a small quantity.

A prize of 50 cents has been awarded to Mrs. Ida Ginsberg, 1907 North 16th Street, Philadelphia, for the following suggestion:  
If you have any cane-seated chairs in your home you probably have noticed their tendency to sag until the bottom drops out. This canework can easily be tightened before it reaches the dropping-out stage by washing it in very hot soap-suds, leaving the suds on the canework and putting the chairs out in the open air to dry. They will dry with the canework as taut as when it was new.

A prize of 50 cents has been awarded to Mrs. H. B. Stevens, 6870 Norwood Street, Germantown, Pa., for the following suggestion:  
The best way to wash baby's bearskin coat is to make a warm suds of white soap and take the coat and lay it on a washboard. Wash each part of the coat

separately in the suds, using the hands to do the rubbing. Rinse with warm water two or three times, by pouring it on the coat with a small cup or pan. Now squeeze most of the water out with your hands and hang the coat in the sun to dry. It will look as well as new.

TOMORROW'S MENU

"Give me but a bit to eat,  
And an hour or two,  
Just a salad and a sweet,  
And a chat with you."  
—Arthur Macy.

BREAKFAST  
Apple and Rice  
Sausages  
Coffee

LUNCHEON OR SUPPER  
Baked Mince Beef  
Fried Potatoes  
Graham Bread  
Sliced Oranges

DINNER  
Vegetable Soup  
Pork Chops with Tomato Sauce  
Apple Sauce  
Mashed Potatoes  
Celery Salad  
Rice Pudding

Apples and Rice—Quarter apples, sprinkle with sugar and cinnamon and bake. Cool and serve three or four pieces on a saucer of hot rice with cream.

Baked Mince Beef—Melt with a teaspoonful of butter or drippings in a frying pan, and when it is bubbling add a teaspoonful of chopped onion. Brown it carefully and then add a teaspoonful of flour. Next add slowly a cupful of hot water. When this is smooth add a cupful of minced, cooked beef. Add a couple of tablespoonfuls of catsup and salt and pepper to taste. Put it in a buttered baking dish, cover with fine crumbs and bits of butter and bake for 15 minutes.

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